Setting: Inside the Dover hotel, “The Fisherman’s Rest”. It is a typically English pub of 1793, with smoke-blackened beams, wide deep fireplaces and benches at which sit boozy, rough-looking British characters. The publican – who holds court, standing with his back to a large fire – is Mr Jellyband. He is a big-bellied man with full, fluffy sideburns around a fleshy, well-fed face. He wears a brown jacket with an embroidered waistcoat over a white shirt and cravat. He is arguing with another – older patron, Mr Hempseed. At a separate bench, a group of younger men sits, including Jimmy Pitkin (who is a bit drunk) and Harry Waite, who is flirting with Sally, the very receptive daughter of the publican. She bustles in and out of the barroom, carrying jugs of beer, as well as bowls of soup and plates piled high with joints of meat and potatoes.

The room is smoky and snug, filled with a fug of pipe smoke, as well as the smoke from the fire. There’s a constant mutter of conversation, punctuated by louder comments, as people speak louder to make a point, or order another drink.

**Drinker**: What ho! Sally

**Sally:** (exasperated): Lud bless my soul! What be they all wanting now, I wonder!

[Sally is buxom, fair-haired young woman, wearing a low-cut dress, typical of the times. She is pretty, but red-faced, as she has been working in a hot kitchen, carting and carrying for the customers. She flirts and charms the customers, but has a special soft spot for Harry waite.]

**Jemima:** [A smaller, dark-haired kitchen-hand and waitress. She is a little envious of the attention that Sally gets.] (Irritated) Beer, of course. You don't `xpect Jimmy Pitkin to `ave done with one tankard, do ye?

**Martha:** [Martha is younger than the other two barmaids. She is inclined to say things without realising that she is stepping on others’ toes.] (Giggling) Mr. `Arry, `e looked uncommon thirsty too!

**From the bar – a chorus of impatient, beery voices**: What ho! Sally! Sally! [Drinkers start clattering their empty tankards on the tables)

**Jimmy:** (Sounds drunk and impatient.] Sally! Are ye goin' to be all night with that there beer?

**Sally:** [annoyed] I do think father might get the beer for them.

[Jemima emerges into the bar with a couple of foam-crowned jugs and begins filling the pewter tankards of the gathered drinkers.]

**Sally:** `E knows `ow busy we are in `ere.

**Jemima:** [crossly] Your father is too busy discussing politics with Mr. `Empseed to worry 'isself about you and the kitchen.

[Enter Sally, laughing through her frowns. She is greeted with shouts and chorus of applause.]

**Drinkers:** Why, here's Sally! What ho, Sally! Hurrah for pretty Sally!

**Jimmy: [Slurring his words.]**I thought you'd grown deaf in that kitchen of yours.

**Sally:** [Laughing.] All ri'! all ri'! [She fills tankards at Harry’s table, glancing at him, as she jokes with the other patrons.] Why, Mr Jimmy, what a `urry to be sure! And is your gran'mother a-dyin' an' you wantin' to see the pore soul afore she'm gone! I never see'd such a mighty rushin'

[The other drinkers laugh good-naturedly as she speaks – she is clearly very popular. The make jokes about Jimmy’s grandmother, at his expense. Sally finishes by filling Harry’s tankard, and when he pulls her onto his lap, she only protests half-heartedly. Soon they are talking and smiling, heads close together.]